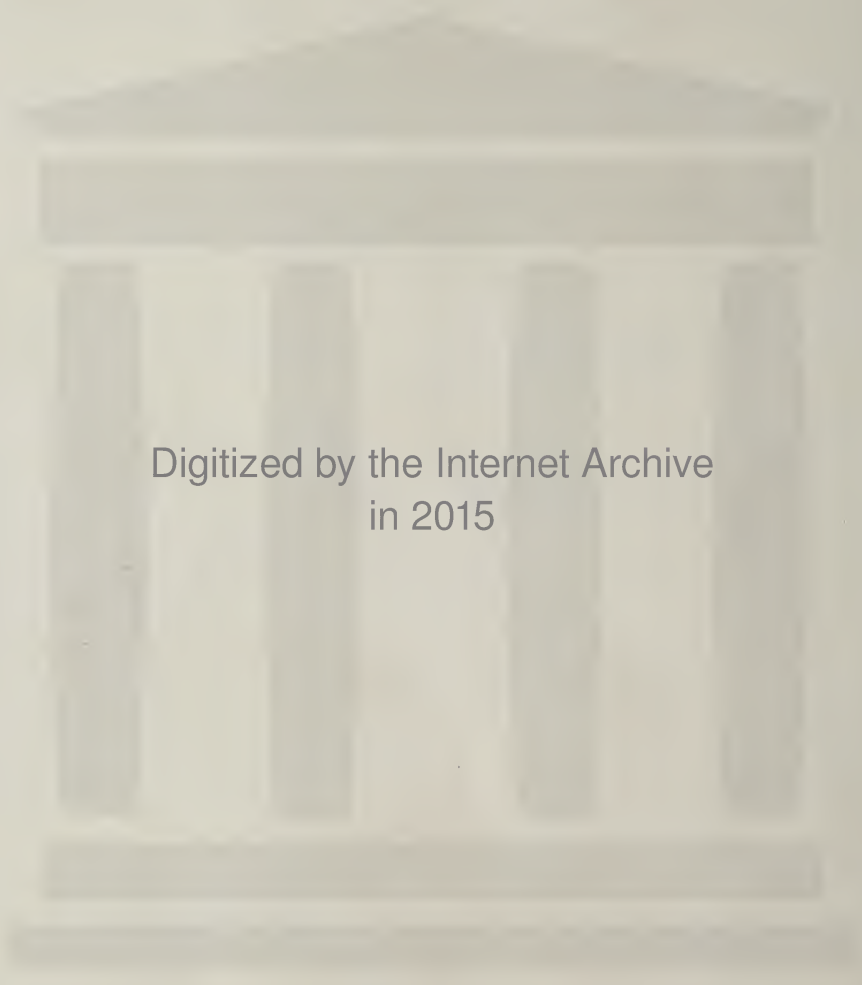


The
CHRONICLE
of the
LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

1935



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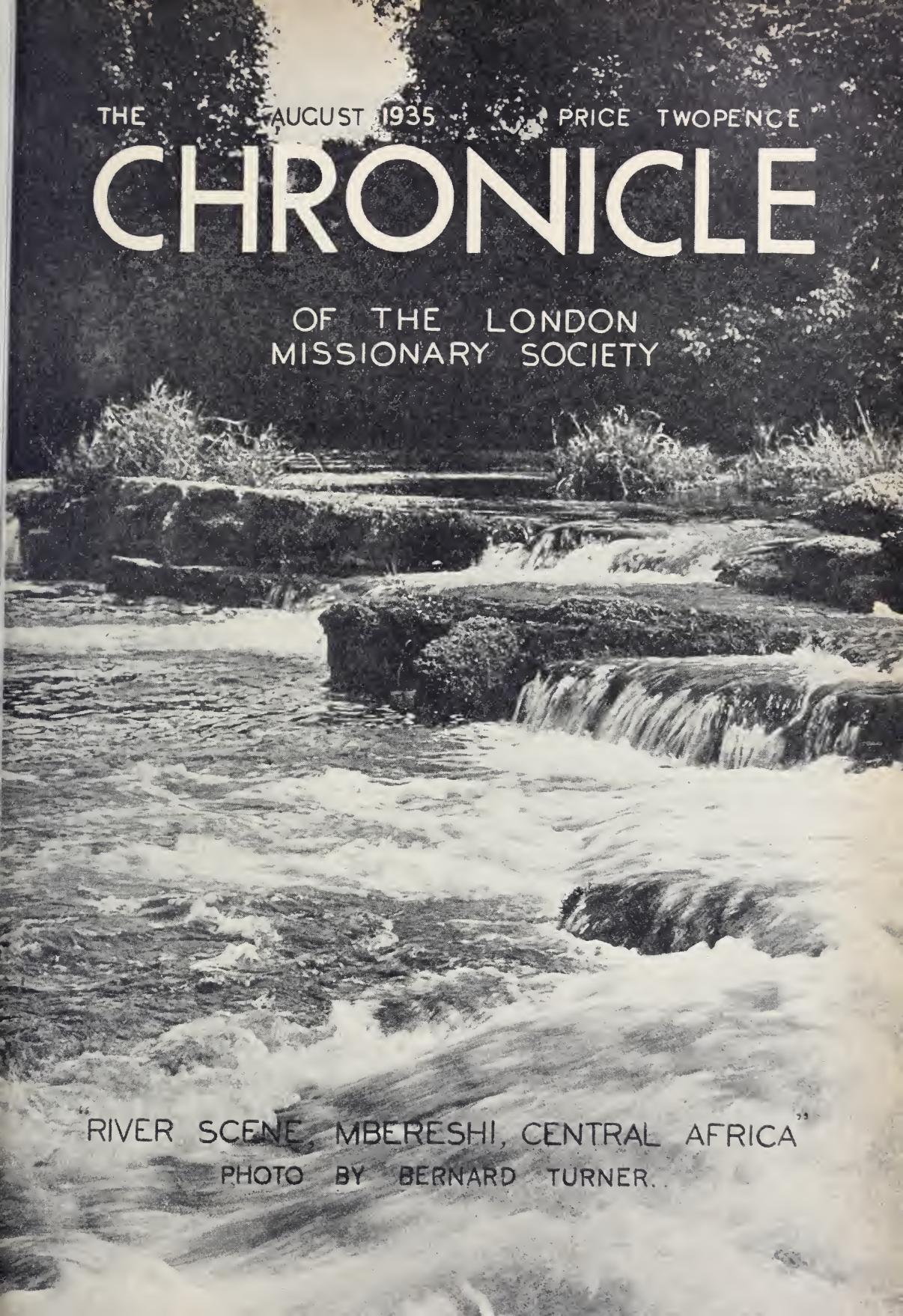
THE

AUGUST 1935

PRICE TWOPENCE

CHRONICLE

OF THE LONDON
MISSIONARY SOCIETY



RIVER SCENE, MBERESHI, CENTRAL AFRICA
PHOTO BY BERNARD TURNER.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Register**Arrivals**

Dr. R. M. Gibson, from Hong Kong; Rev. H. A. Popley, from Erode, June 14th.

Miss M. K. Sabin, from Mbereshi, July 1st.

Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Brough, from Australia and India, July 5th.

Mrs. Arnold Hughes, from Hong Kong; Rev. and Mrs. A. J. McFarlane, from Hankow, July 6th.

Mrs. A. J. Haile and Peter Haile, from Tigerkloof, July 8th.

Departures

Dr. R. T. Shields, of Cheeloo, proceeding to New York, per s.s. *Majestic*, June 22nd.

M. F. E. Rabarihoela, returning to Madagascar, per s.s. *City of Simla*, June 29th.

Rev. and Mrs. D. K. Clinton, proceeding to Cape Town, per s.s. *Ubena*, July 6th.

Birth

LESTER.—On June 16th, at Suva, Fiji, to Dorothy, wife of Mr. R. H. Lester, Treasurer of the Suva Ship Committee and son of Rev. H. F. W. Lester, formerly of South India, a son.

Marriage

CLINTON-CORBIN.—On June 22nd, at Streatham, Desmond K. Clinton, of South Africa, to Iris A. Corbin, formerly of the L.M.S. Editorial Department.

Deaths

SHARPE.—On May 30th, suddenly, Archibald Eversdon, elder son of Rev. and Mrs. E. B. Sharpe, of the C.M.S., Purulia, India, and grandson of Mrs. A. Paton Begg, of Liskeard, formerly of North India, aged 20 years.

GALE.—On June 7th, at Tananarive, William Kendall Gale, of Anjozorobe and the Marofotsy district, in his 62nd year.

BRYANT.—On July 1st, on s.s. *Rajputana*, Myfanwy Bryant, née Rowlands, wife of Rev. E. E. Bryant, of Tsangchow. (Buried at sea.)

M.A.C. Prayer Meeting

No prayer meeting will be held this month, but friends are especially asked to remember Swanwick (August 10th-16th) and other holiday Conferences in their prayers. The monthly meeting at Livingstone House will be resumed in September.

Wants Department

Used Pathé 9.5-mm. Films of any description wanted for Madagascar. For village work in South India there is great need of a Portable Gramophone and gifts

for the people such as lengths of Cretonne, Dolls, Children's Print Frocks, Thimbles, Needle Cases and other things which are mentioned in the free leaflet, "The Helping Hand." Three copies only are now required of Cruden's "Concordance." Other needs are Boys' Shirts, English, French or American Journals for School Library, Baby Cinema Projector for use in school, Typewriters, all kinds of Hospital requisites.

The Literature for Missionaries Association needs several copies each week of illustrated papers, such as the "Illustrated London News," also the "Christian World Pulpit" and "The Congregational Quarterly." All details from Miss New, Livingstone House, 42, Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

Contributions

The Directors gratefully acknowledge the following anonymous gifts: for "Kate Fells Memorial" Village Home for Girls, Telugu area, £120; 17798, 5s.; "Brannstone," 5s.; "For His Name's sake," 2s. 6d.; N. 17780, £1; "A Jubilee Thankoffering," for Medical Missions, £20.

Cinema Lectures, 1935-1936

Arrangements are now being made for the programme of Cinema Lectures for the coming autumn and winter. Mr. Melloy's dates are as follows:—

October 1st to November 9th.—South-Western Area. Secretary: Rev. R. Bartlett.

November 11th to 30th.—Home and Eastern Counties. Applications: Mr. A. J. Melloy.

December 2nd to 21st.—North-Western Area. L.M.S., Manchester.

January 13th to February 28th.—Wales.

March 2nd to April 4th.—North-Eastern Area. Rev. S. Nicholson.

Churches desiring to have a visit from Mr. Melloy with the films "Round the World with the L.M.S." and "The World's Children," should send in their requests to the District Secretary for their area.

Mr. H. D. Cotton will have available two lectures, "Through Africa with the L.M.S." and "Through India with the L.M.S." He will be free to take engagements in London and the Home Counties during October, December and January. Churches desiring to have one of the above lectures are invited to write as soon as possible to Mr. H. D. Cotton, Livingstone House, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1.

L.M.S. Stamp Bureau

Mr. T. H. Earl, 4, Westcliffe, Kendal, is Secretary of our Stamp Bureau. A hundred approval books on hand. Friends who have stamps are invited to send them for sale for L.M.S. funds.

ABOUT REMITTANCES TO THE L.M.S.

HOW TO REMIT. It is requested that all remittances be made to the Rev. Nelson Bitton, Home Secretary, at 42, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1; and that if any gifts are designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be stated. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders (which should be crossed) made payable at the General Post Office.

TO LOCAL TREASURERS. It is PARTICULARLY REQUESTED that money for the Society's use may be forwarded in instalments as received, and not retained until the completion of the year's accounts. This would reduce the Bank Loans upon which interest has to be paid. The Society's financial year ends March 31st.

LOANS TO THE SOCIETY.

With the view of reducing the large amount which is paid in interest on Bank Loans, the directors wish to state that it would be a great financial help if friends of the Society were prepared to advance sums of £50 and upwards free of interest for periods of not less than three months. In the case of advances for unfixed periods repayments could be made at ten days' notice. Loans may also be made at 2½% interest repayable on sixty days' notice.

THE CHRONICLE

Of the London Missionary Society

AUGUST, 1935

Kendall Gale

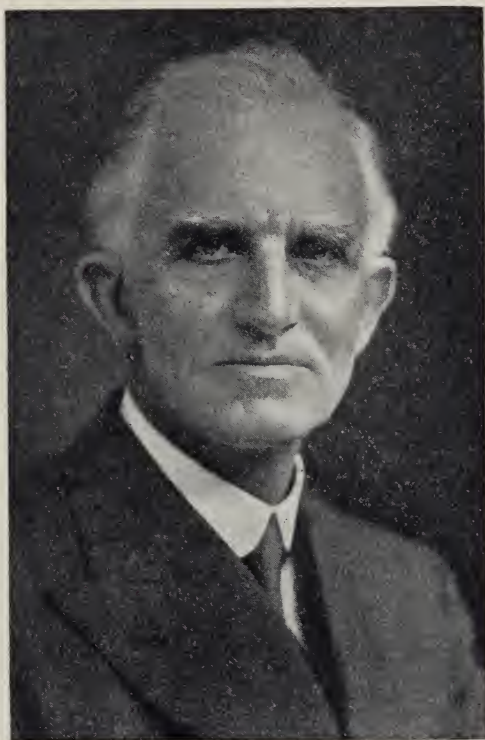
By H. A. RIDGWELL.

THE sad news of Kendall Gale's passing away came as a terribly sudden shock to all his colleagues on the field, and will come with a like sadness to a wide circle of his friends in Britain and overseas. That circle certainly is a wide one, for through the medium of his long and interesting circular letters, his addresses when on deputation and his contributions to missionary reviews, together with a voluminous correspondence, he came to be known over a very wide area. He was saying quite recently that his correspondence came from places as far apart as New Zealand and New York. Very recent letters told of his usual buoyant health and vigour, and then word came of an operation which caused a little anxiety, but this was apparently perfectly successful when suddenly a relapse followed and his spirit passed home. All his friends were comforted to know that his beloved wife, who had had a very long spell of absence from him during the school days of the children in England, was happily with him. She had only been back in Madagascar for six months. Our hearts go out to her in heartfelt sympathy.

Kendall Gale belonged to that eclectic group of missionaries that somehow stand apart from their fellows, apparently cast in a different mould, not walking the common pathway beaten by that host of missionaries—howbeit equally devoted—who go in more orderly procession, but striking out across country of their own. Such an one was K. G.

He was a fiery herald of the Cross, a dauntless pioneer, a true non-conformist. Something of the wild winds of his Yorkshire moorlands breathed through his spirit.

He always wanted space; he could never have rested in the confines of an institution,



William Kendall Gale.

or led a restricted existence. He seemed made for the open spaces, he always felt the lure of the beyond. There was much of the passion of Paul in his heart—"I am debtor. . . . I am ready." He was consumed by a burning desire to blaze the trail of the Kingdom of God through the dark haunts of paganism.

He will, of course, always be remembered as a pioneer. In a recent autobiographical paragraph he contributed to "World Dominion" he tells how he was first appointed

to found a new station at Anjozorobe, on the northern edge of Imerina, that he might develop work amongst the border tribes, for which so little, so far, had been done. He was then a man well over the normal age of foreign mission candidates, having already spent seven years after leaving Hackney College in building up a downtown church in Sheffield.

* * * *

The sixty-one churches already planted in this area were rapidly added to as he laboured first in the forest to the east amongst the Bezanozano folk, and later on over a longer period where his real life work was spent, in the mountainous region to the north of Madagascar, amongst the lawless Marofotsy people. Gale's own description of this tribe is "a strange mixture of undesirable and explosive elements, such as one might expect of the children of gangsters, married to the offspring of beachcombers and native women of loose character." In that rugged mountainous region, where this tribe lived largely shut off from the rest of the island, and so having little communication with the outside world, Gale pioneered, founding churches and schools from one end of it to the other. In his article in "World Dominion" he says: "For years and years after my arrival in Madagascar there was not a single church

of any kind in the whole of the Marofotsy country (that is, that part which he developed), now there are 108. These, together with a host of others, he founded in the countries of the Bezanozano and Manendy tribes, made Kendall Gale an outstanding church-planter.

Although K. G. came out older in years than most missionaries he rapidly acquired an exceptional use of colloquial Malagasy and was greatly sought after as a speaker and preacher. He rarely spoke for less than an

hour and could hold his audience to the last word. He had a fund of humour and a most apt use of Malagasy proverbs and sayings—these latter always strike home to the hearts of Malagasy hearers. Added to this was his passionate, at times, hurricane, presentation of his message that drew from himself streams of perspiration and from his audience a ready and even eager response.

* * * *

What a man for jokes he was! *Punch*

was a prime favourite with him, and little of it ever escaped him. He always carried in his wallet a veritable anthology of modern humour. No company was ever dull where he was, he was always the life and soul of it unless, and that was seldom, he was in the nadir of depression, and he could suffer that way too.

It is sad to think we shall not see that tall lithe form, and that bronzed, keen hatchet face with those piercing kindly eyes again.

And how even still sadder to think of those shepherdless causes he founded, scattered away in

the hills waiting to see him threading his way through the mountain passes, in the company of his faithful "borizano" (bearers), waiting to hear the sound of his gramophone again, and his heartening, encouraging, or even, maybe, scolding words.

Will this church-planter feel strange in that land where there is no temple? I wonder.

Of this I am sure, he will be joining with all his soul in the song of the Lamb, for I have heard him sing "Rimington."



Itinerating in Madagascar.

Pioneer — Apostle — Bishop in Madagascar

By W. HUCKETT.

IT must have been in the early 'nineties that I first met with Gale; at one of the big missionary exhibitions held in Sheffield—and the first of its kind. And I remember how this new treatment in missionary propaganda appealed to his spirit of adventure, and how he became the life and soul of whatever success was then and there achieved. Then followed the great decision, to leave the institutional work at "Crookes," which he had so carefully and laboriously built up, to dedicate himself to the mission field. He was appointed to Madagascar, and on rejoining the Mission I went out with him and Mrs. Gale and family in 1908.

* * * *

In 1921 I accompanied Gale on one of his big itinerancies, and so came into much closer contact with him, living together in huts, with scarcely room to put up our stretchers. It was on such journeyings one got in close contact with the burning intensity of Gale's spirit. Nothing could stop him; neither distances nor swollen crocodile-infested rivers, nor weariness nor even sickness, when once his arrangements had been made and the expectation of his arrival aroused. He knew his village population; and rather than disappoint their hopes, everything or anything must be risked, his own life and even the lives of his carriers. He was possessed of the restless pioneering spirit of Livingstone, and the only recreation he really loved were days spent in endless typewriting of letters and articles on his work.

On that journey with him, my weariness was not allowed to stop nor to delay the march. We had been lost for hours in the long grass, and darkness was coming on. At last we struck a path, and I sank on the ground helpless; but Gale, equally done up, pushed on to his beloved and expectant villagers, leaving me to follow

on in easy stages. He had no other thought but for his people; and for them he lived and laboured, and I think we may add, died, despising all luxuries and many of the necessities of life. He would live on boiled rice and whatever else (in my case, a wild hedgehog, which made us ill) he could get to make the rice palatable, for months together. With it all he kept fit and vigorous.

His last letter came on June 18th, in which he tells me of the approaching visit to Tananarive for the operation. He says:

"I expect to be *hors de combat* for four months and *then as right as ever again*. The rummy thing is that I feel perfectly strong, haven't an ache or pain of any kind, am following my work just as usual; was away in the country yesterday on the old push bike, and have to go into the country on it twice before we go on Thursday morning (May 9th). I wanted to do my Marofotsy and other journeys and be operated on when I had got them out of the way; but Dr. Ranaivo was emphatic that I must not attempt them this year, at least *not* the Marofotsy journeys. *And that's that.*"

Gale was a real knight of the Kingdom: strong, handsome looking, devoted, stern, a born pioneering missionary, the terror of local governors, in that he knew all French *arrêtés* and regulations from A to Z, better than they did themselves, especially on education and religion. He was a good linguist in French and Malagasy, and an eloquent preacher in the vernacular, in which he made his first attempt at a united gathering a month after his arrival in the island. He loved his job, that of evangelising and raising the Marofotsy, an outcaste tribe living amid the inaccessible fever-stricken swamps of the North of Madagascar. His name is written deeply and for ever in the hearts of the Malagasy people.

BIOGRAPHY OF KENDALL GALE.

It is proposed to issue in the near future a short biography of the Rev. W. Kendall Gale. This publication will be priced at 3d., and will be obtainable from the Bookroom of the Society.

News from the Copper Belt

By R. J. B. MOORE, B.A.

"The Kingdom of God is as if a man should cast seed into the ground——."

ON first entering the mission field in Central Africa one is struck by the tenacity of the old religion and pagan rites; tribal worship goes on as usual at the sacred places. The priest's village is at the foot of the holy hill, where it has always been; they still believe that anyone who dares to ascend the hill dies, in fact, many people have been known to do so. The chief priest and his successor are the only people allowed to climb to the summit and see the holy of holies (a small crevice in the rock) beside which the blood of a sacrificed ox is smeared. But the sacrifice is not to God, it is to powerful subordinate spirits, because God is believed to be too remote and too awful to be approached even by the priest. The conception of God is of a benevolent but capricious spirit, though the Giver of Good, also the Destroyer by Lightning, and very far from the Father of Jesus Christ.

One of the priests I know is a young man who has attended mission school, and has also been to work on the mines; he has only been in office two years and has not yet completed his apprenticeship. His education and contact with the world weigh very little against the fact that he is the right person to inherit the priestly office. Our first impressions were, then, that the Kingdom was spreading very, very slowly indeed.

* * *

The mines were a very pleasant surprise; there was a Christian congregation which had spontaneously united and organised churches throughout the mine compounds, and to begin with it had no European help at all. On arrival we found this Christian community which not only called for the minimum of leadership, but in whose fellowship we could share. The seed truly grows secretly, and here we were gathering the fruits of those labours which at first sight seemed almost in vain. Whereas the static village communities seemed unaffected, the more daring section of the community which had gone to the mines to seek work contained some of those in whom the seed was bearing fruit, and that in the most unlikely place—an industrial centre where the infant church is faced not only with members of other tribes whose customs and beliefs differ, but

with civilised paganism. Here we saw the justification of the rural missions and the reward of early missionaries.

Our welcome everywhere was marvellous; I have a little hut in each compound so that I can stay a few days at a time; presents were brought to me of things bought in European stores, bread, butter, sugar, hens, eggs, oranges, etc.; at one place the value was ten shillings, which is as much as a man earns in a month. Although one cannot help but find occasional unrest both inside and outside the church during this transitional stage of African civilisation, yet the African is genuinely good-natured.

I have now spent many nights in the compounds, and it is like a breath of fresh air to walk among the dark huts to a place where there is a little group of Christians singing hymns by the light of a miner's acetylene lamp. There are many of these



Chimney at Nkana mine.

little groups to be found every evening, and one continues to see the seed of the Kingdom growing secretly as the sound of Christian hymns comes in contrast to the drunken brawl which desecrates the Sunday night; the latter a universal escape from life, the former the one way for men of every race to find that life which is eternal.

* * *

The Church in the Copper Belt must be really missionary; and bear witness in the midst of the 30,000 natives employed on the mines. There has been a "Union" church in the Copper Belt from the first, and there are now six different missionary societies which have agreed to work together, several of which have already agreed to support us with money and by sending their own trained teachers, so overcoming denominational differences. The natives down here are quick to value education, and are clamouring for schools, both for children and adults; whereas it is difficult in the bush to sell a threepenny book, here it is difficult to maintain a stock of books up to ten shillings in value and in twelve

different languages. In a few weeks we are opening a book depot in Ndola, which will supply the mines, and from which twenty or thirty voluntary colporteurs will work. So the thirst for knowledge becomes a means of spreading the good news.

To meet this twentieth-century development, modern method and equipment must be made into instruments for the extension of God's Kingdom. The printing-press, cinematograph and wireless must take their place in twentieth-century evangelistic work. We hope through the former to reach many more than are affected by the Spoken Word, and the cinematograph will soon come into its own as a department of the International Missionary Council which is supervising the production of all African films. But at best through these means we can only interest the passing crowd; as ever, the fire of a consecrated life where the love of God is alive is needed to kindle the hearts of its fellows.

We are writing to ask that as you meet at Swanwick and think about some of the problems of this land, you may remember this corner of it, not only in your discussion, but also in your prayers.

A Malagasy Epistle

The Malagasy Protestant Church in union with the London Missionary Society, the Friends' Missionary Society, and the French Protestant Missionary Society, united by the "Isan-Enim-Bolana," to the Christians of the South India United Church in Travancore, and to their European and Indian Leaders.

"Beloved Friends in the Lord,

"In the name of the Malagasy Churches united by the 'Isan-Enim-Bolana'* we greet you. We remember the words of the Apostle which say, 'Although we are many we are one in Christ.' The fact of our being far away from one another and having different languages and customs is not able to separate us. Christ died for all mankind, and the gospel of reconciliation which is preached and taught amongst you is the same gospel which is preached and taught amongst us also in Madagascar.

"Our beloved friends, how great is the joy of our hearts that we are able to seize the occasion of the visit to you of our 'Father and mother,' Rev. H. Ridgwell, who has laboured amongst us for many years, to send you a letter. With all our hearts

we desire for you that the grace of our Lord might be with you, and abound in the work of the gospel in India.

"We can only write to you, but we fain would meet with you, and give you our greetings face to face. Great indeed would be our joy if we could join with you in worship, but that is not possible. We each are in the fold in which we have been put in this life, but the time will come—the great day—when Christ shall gather us all from every fold and join us in one great fold in heaven where we shall enjoy His presence for ever. Then we shall see each other and together sing the songs of Zion. We await that day!

"In the name of Jesus Christ we say good-bye to you; good-bye till we meet each other in that good land of our hopes where we shall together dwell with Christ our Saviour.

"In the name of the Malagasy Protestant Church united by the 'Isan-Enim-Bolana':

(Signed) H. RANDZAVOLA (Pastor), *President*.

REV. W. EVANS (Missionary, L.M.S.), *Vice-President*.

MONSIEUR LE PASTEUR H. PEYROT (Missionary,

French Protestant Mission), *Secretary*.

J. RAMAMBASCA (Pastor), *Secretary*.

* The "Isan-Enim-Bolana," or Six Monthly Meetings, is the name of the Union which joins together the three Protestant Mission working in the Central Province of Imerina and throughout the whole of the north of the island of Madagascar.

John Mackenzie

AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS*

By EDWARD SHILLITO, M.A.

JOHAN MACKENZIE, one of the noblest L.M.S. missionaries, was born on August 30th, 1835. After a hundred years his name still lives, and for his voice they can still listen who enter into the inheritance of the L.M.S. in Africa. It has a special word for them in this year 1935.

After some years spent in the printing trade in Elgin, Mackenzie entered the Bedford Academy, in which the L.M.S. used to prepare its young men for the field. In his diary he revealed the secret of his struggles and his victory.

"I know His will with all my heart. I will endeavour to do it in all things, and leave the rest with Him. I know He loves me very tenderly; I have felt communion with Him inexpressibly sweet and precious. . . I ask strength for missionary work; to face calmly, tempests, shipwreck, loneliness, darkness, temptations, discouragements, heathenism, the death of an unknown, obscure servant of Jehovah—Jesus." The prayer was answered.

His critics used to describe him as more a politician than a missionary; they were wrong; they did not know that the man to the end of his days kept the heart of the youth who had entered into a covenant with his Lord. That covenant stood. John Mackenzie,

whether as missionary or statesman, was always a bondservant and friend of Jesus Christ.

The first approach to Africa was by a way of sorrows. We need not tell again the story of the expedition planned to meet David Livingstone in the Makololo country.†

* See *John Mackenzie of South Africa*, by W. Douglas Mackenzie.

† The story is told in all lives of Livingstone; and in *The Story of Isabella Price* (L.M.S., 1s.).

Mackenzie was one of the party. It was Mackenzie who learned first of the disaster which had befallen his colleagues—Mrs. Mackenzie's health had held him back;



Mr. and Mrs. Helmore, and two of their children, Mrs. Price and her child, Luke, a native deacon, and some of their servants had died of fever. Mackenzie had for his task to bring Price and two of the Helmore children back to Kuruman. His first experiences were like a baptism of blood.

At Kuruman he was stationed, and here he remained till 1862, busy in the varied work of a young missionary. It was not till 1864

that he settled in Shoshong, the capital of the Bamangwato tribe, where he was to remain for more than ten years.

At once our readers will think of Khama, the Chief of the Bamangwato, and around that name will gather all the associations of the long life of that Christian ruler. But in 1864 he was not the venerable Khama, but a young man, already received indeed into the Christian Church by the German missionary Schulenburg, but still only in the early stages of his Christian life. What Khama owed to Mackenzie he never ceased to acknowledge. In 1885, when Mackenzie visited Shoshong with Sir Charles Warren, Khama welcomed him with these words: "I shall lean on you as in the olden times; stop me if I go wrong."

In Shoshong, Mackenzie learned much, and achieved much. Like other missionaries he was a jack-of-all-trades. He built his church, and even dared to make lancet windows for it. He laid sure foundations for the church not only as a building but as a society of living Christian men and women. Mackenzie was a church-builder who had no reason to be ashamed of his workmanship. When we recall the life of Khama for our encouragement, we recall at the same time John Mackenzie, the friend and guide of his youth.

It was Mackenzie's lot to be in South Africa in the 'eighties, in which critical problems were before the statesmen. We are reminded of those days whenever we read in the Press of the Bechuanaland Protectorate. The beginning of that Protectorate to which we are compelled to return belongs to the life of Mackenzie. It was Mackenzie who acted as the adviser of Sir Charles Warren, and his mediator with the native chiefs in those days. When we recall the bond made with the British Government by Khama and the other chiefs—a bond which we have no right to break—we must think of Mackenzie's part in the business. He was for years engaged in political life, but always with one purpose in mind, to secure for his African people fair play and freedom for their development. To that end he advocated a United South Africa from the Cape through the Transvaal to the Zambesi.

He saw two streams of human life; the stream of Africans moving southward, the stream of whites moving northward. His one thought was to preserve Africa from the perils of disunity. He was the first man to see a vision of a United South Africa.

Because he saw that the plans of the Dutch meant the closing of the way northward, he resisted them. His hope was for a series of Protectorates which would be under one independent High Commissioner who would deal with all the colonies and the semi-independent states and with the separate native territories "from a point of view above them all."

We may not agree with all his plans; the L.M.S. never accepted responsibility for his action during the years in which he was a statesman; but there is no reason to be ashamed of his political insight, and every reason to approve the ends which he had in mind.

Thus, above all, he sought freedom for the African to make the most of his powers. "History tells us," he said, "that if we shut the hatches on any class of men—if they have human spirits within their bodies—they will burst those hatches, and burst them in blood." He would not hear of any serfdom.

Other missionaries had their hobbies; Mackenzie had occupied himself from the very beginning with the study of the contact of the European and native races in South Africa. This study involved the study of the expansion of the Europeans in Africa. They must go northward; he was eager that they should go with clean hands as Christian gentlemen under the control of a central government. He saw that it was a long way to the Zambesi; they might reach it carrying out a policy of "shoot-down." He saw a better way, and not only advocated it, but set himself to carry it out in action, and in the end suffered as men of action do suffer.

As a statesman he suffered defeat, but not before he had left upon all who knew him the memory of a just and wise man; and there are still historians who, going over that time of storm and confusion, declare that if Mackenzie had been believed, Africa might have been spared much suffering and loss.

But Mackenzie, being defeated, without any bitterness went back to work in a mission station at Hankey. To that work he gave the eagerness and devotion of a good missionary. That it was a small work in comparison with his work among the councils of statesmen it never occurred to him. He was first and foremost an evangelist; and in Hankey, till he died in 1899, he had a cure of souls, which to him was of an importance beyond human reckoning.

If Mackenzie were here To-day

By DOUGLAS MACKENZIE, D.D.

The question is often asked, how our fathers in the field would have looked upon the scenes of their work as they are to-day. There is much in the present South African scene upon which we should be glad to have the mind of such a missionary as John Mackenzie. There is no one who can speak of him with the same intimacy as Dr. Douglas Mackenzie, his son. He has very kindly given us his own answer to the question.

MY father had varied interests in the course of his career, but the fundamental one remained first to last. He believed profoundly in the absolute necessity for aggressive evangelism, without which Christianity cannot spread in any land, or exercise its deepest social influence.

He believed, of course, more than some of his predecessors in South Africa, in the need for education. How he would have rejoiced in Tiger Kloof and other institutions for the higher education of natives. I do not think he was strong himself as an actual educationist. His work as tutor of the Moffat Institute at Kuruman, so far as I was able to learn, ran along traditional lines. He did send his students out to preach and did closely superintend their practical work. But he was hampered by having no books in Sechuana which he could use in the classroom. It was tragic that after nearly fifty years of missionary labours in Bechuanaland no such material existed when he began his work at Kuruman.

I believe, therefore, that at this point he would rejoice in the rise of so many important institutions where natives can have first-class literary and practical training for various careers.

I am inclined to think that his educational work must have been hampered by the burden laid upon him, which I describe as that of an "unpaid administer." For that kind of thing he seems to have had an inborn gift. This appears in that very early interest in and broad outlook upon the development of British relations with native life throughout South Africa. He studied the problems involved in that process profoundly and was one of the first strong minds to see what have become widely accepted principles in the relations of the whites and

the blacks in respect of government. Much of this he came to see when he was training Khama for his great career. It was from Shoshong that he sent to Cape Town that first important memorandum, which I refer to in the biography, which was almost prophetic in its moral quality and statesmanlike wisdom.

With these facts before us I believe that he would welcome most warmly every effort that is now being made to secure certain regions as inviolable possessions of native groups. He would say that if the Union of South Africa is to take over Basutoland, Swaziland and Bechuanaland, it must be by formal treaty with Great Britain. In that treaty certain fundamental principles must be involved:

The assigned territories must be (as now in Basutoland) inalienable from the black man. The Gold Coast system should be studied here.

The system of government should be native, under guidance and guardianship of carefully-chosen and highly qualified white men, whether called governors, residents, commissioners, or what not. The work of this governor should be avowedly and openly educational, which implies a primary sympathy with the native point of view and continuous effort to correct its defects on principles of justice and benevolence.

There should be assumed in all this that the government would co-operate heartily with missionary work, on the ground that a religious substitute—namely Christianity—must be given to the people in place of those beliefs and practices which must disappear under pressure of the white man's civilisation.

If the proposed transference on a large scale of population from congested to unoccupied areas is carried out, my father would heartily approve, on the strict condition that no injustice is done, and that the change is used honourably for the advantage of the native.

As to native populations in the several provinces of the Union of South Africa, my father's first demand would be for sheer justice. He would have the same conditions applied to black and white in qualification for the franchise. He was indignant when the franchise in Cape Colony was so amended as to cut the vote from large numbers of

natives. He told me that some of the very best members of parliament were elected from these constituencies, and that one purpose of the change was to get rid of M.P.'s of that quality and general policy.

In his *Ten Years North of the Orange River* he gave some studies of native life which were up to if not in advance of anthropological writings on South African

natives up to that date. His study of the organisation of a Zulu Tribe (under Moselekatse) was perhaps unique. His experiences at Shoshong took him very deep into that field. Hence, I am certain that he would be in deep sympathy with every effort to make the Christian message and the working of Christian social ethics relevant to the native mind and system of life.

Board Notes

THE Board Meeting which was held on June 19th was largely attended. There was less routine business than usual, so that the Board had more time to give to what is often the most interesting part of the day—the reception of young missionaries and the farewell paid to those who are retiring.

The new Chairman, Dr. Bental, entered upon his office. This is his second term as Chairman, a fact which shows eloquently how much the Board values his long and faithful service for the Society. Whether in India or at home, he has always been a missionary.

Among the new appointments were those of the Literary Superintendent and the Educational Secretary. The Rev. Cecil Northcott was elected unanimously to be Literary Superintendent with the full status as Secretary. He is a writer of distinction, well known in many fields, and he has already given excellent service to the Society, and it was with complete confidence that the

Directors welcomed and passed the resolution.

Miss Speakman was also unanimously elected to be Educational Assistant. She comes to the Society after an admirable training. She is a local preacher among Methodists, and she has proved already her gifts for educational service. There will be an opportunity to say more of Mr. Northcott and Miss Speakman when they enter upon their service in October.

Among the visitors to the Board special mention should be made of the Rev. T. Cullen Young, who met the Board and explained the aims and ideals of the United Society for Christian Literature in which the R.T.S. and the Society for Christian Literature in India are now combined.

Other visitors were the Rev. and Mrs. A. W. McMillan, of Suva (formerly L.M.S. missionaries in India), Mrs. Carnegie, of South Africa, Dr. R. T. Shields, late Dean of Cheeloo Medical School, and the Rev. L. C. and Mrs. Parkin from Australia.

In Praise of Hugh Rowland

(Who was known by the people of Africa as Tebe, the Approachable-One.)

DEPART in peace, Thou-who-bids-good-bye whilst still we welcome thee.

Depart, thou who disappearest ere thou hast scarce been seen.

Thou quick-moving-one.

The people of Mshweshwe* would call thee Mtjotjonono†.

The Charm, which thy parents received from the Creator,

Who for it dug of the root of the tree of Goodness,

Thou didst at their command wear round thy heart.

O thou example of Goodness to Humanity,
Chidden of thine own people

For making thyself an equal of the lowly
Till thine own acts pleaded for thee and they ceased.

O thou embodiment of Gracefulness,
Greatheart that accommodateth high and low,
Spring water is different from the sea
Because it quencketh thirst.

A short tributary hath sweet water
For it joineth the mother-stream before it hath gathered much dirt.

Thou-graceful-one, scion of the finest stock,
Be thou exalted

O Approachable-One.

* Mshweshwe, the Basutos.

† Mtjotjonono, "Shooting Star."

(Translation of a poem by an African of the Inyati Native Boys' Institution. The original appeared in the School Magazine.)

Into What World?

By EDWARD SHILLITO, M.A.

"Go ye out into all the world . . ."

I
WHEN Simon Peter heard the command to go into all the world he thought of his own world. It consisted of the countries round the Mediterranean Sea. Beyond, there lay a few lands, dimly seen; across the barriers which Rome had built were unknown peoples who did not belong to any world with which he, as a practical man, had to do. This world of Simon Peter's was the Roman world which was under one rule, through which one language could carry the traveller. It is a miracle of history that Simon and the others did go so quickly into all that world.

II

When America had been discovered, the first missionaries to the West thought of the command in another way. Their world included now not only the lands round the Mediterranean, but the lands on the borders of the Atlantic. They set out to go into a new world, larger than any which Simon had known. It was not enough for them to take as their own the task as the first apostles had measured it. They must go out into *their* world.

III

When our fathers of the L.M.S. heard the same words, they thought of a world which included the islands discovered by Captain Cook; Sierra Leone, and other strips of land opened to them in Africa; India and China, so far as these could offer a foothold. They were faithful to the new facts which had been revealed to them.

IV

But what is *our* world? Since our fathers began their ventures the word "world" has come to have another meaning, and it is with this we have to do. With each new discovery the commission changes its meaning. For us the world into which we have to go is the world as it is known and accessible in 1935. To take the words of our Lord in any other sense would be disloyalty. To live in the world of Simon Peter, or in that of Dr. Bogue, would not be life at all. We must go out into all the bewildering and troubled world as we know it to-day.

V

If the arena is enlarged in one way, it is

reduced in another. It is a world at once larger and more compact. Simon Peter would take longer to travel through his world than a modern apostle would take to cross this world of ours. He lived in a world politically united, as it has never been in any other age. But in the realms of thought and action we may claim that our world also is becoming a unity. Into whatever part of the world we were to go, we should find men asking the same questions, and facing the same choices. This is not true of the men and women who live on from age to age unto age unchanged; but when is it ever possible to say anything true of all men? But it is true of those who are leaders of the peoples. Everywhere they are thinking of the same things.

VI

Go ye out into all this world, with its common fears and doubts and longings—with decisions which must be made everywhere—with a common hunger which must be satisfied. Go ye out into a world in which many of the old beliefs and securities are lost and man is uprooted. In many and varied tones he is saying, "What must we do to be saved?" but everywhere the same cry is heard by those who listen. You can hear the voice of the whole world in the city in which you live. If you went over the seas you might hear the same cry of the soul. And if you do not go forth into that city of yours to preach the Gospel you are not going into all your world. You can go now into that world because it is strangely one.

VII

We must not take upon ourselves burdens which we are not meant to carry. We must not despair if we think that we can do so little. It is enough if, with all that we have to offer, we go out into our own world. We cannot do much if our work is measured by its quantity; but we can see to it that it is service at all points in touch with the Divine Purpose as we know it. And all such service in prayer and thought, in speech and action, has a value not to be measured by its extent. We may offer our lives in this our world to the Eternal God; this is our reasonable service; for that we were made.

Doctoring in Beru

By A. L. SADD, B.A., of the Gilbert Islands.

The recent visit of A. W. McMillan from Fiji has served to remind us that though we have no mission in Suva we have a direct interest in some important work there. From that port our missionary ship "John Williams V" takes off on her voyages to the Ellice and Gilbert Islands and it is the home of the ship's officers, if they can be said to have one. Then there are two Independent Churches in Suva ministered to by men trained in L.M.S. Institutions. One church is mainly for Gilbertese and the other for Samoans.

Mr. McMillan has drawn attention to the

good work being done in Suva by the training of Polynesians for medical service. At the Central Medical School (under a Government Principal) the students who come from many island groups receive instruction in medicine and surgery from a dozen professional men in the port who give their services without payment. The young men so trained go out as medical practitioners to islands where there are, as a rule, no doctors, and are able to render the highest service. In the diseases prevailing in the islands, such as hookworm, their large experience gives them an advantage over European doctors.

"THE cook, who had been up the north end of the Island, came back and told me that there was a child right up the far end of the Island, that is, about six or eight miles away, who had fallen from a tree and broken his arm, and the bone stuck out; could they bring him in to us. So we said 'Yes.' . . . Ruka came back to say that they were bringing him along, but they had not started to bring him till he got back as they were afraid that, being Catholics, we would not receive him. One can only imagine that they were

judging other people's corn by their own bushel, as never in the history of the Mission have we ever refused help to anyone, and Eastman has saved at least one Father's life.

However, as Ruka (the cook) said that there was a lot of bleeding, I thought that I had better go along, and make sure that the boy was not bleeding to death in the meantime; finally I met him about a mile and a half out of Rongorongo coming along on the motor-car chassis at the best speed consistent with any comfort; so we



The boys return with a catch of octopuses.

let some air out of the tyres to make it a bit more comfortable and then we made better speed. In the meanwhile I had investigated the wound and discovered that the bleeding was venous and had stopped on the application of a pad of dirty cloth, so there was no immediate danger; but the wound was a brute. . . . We cleaned the thing up so as to be able to have a look at it, and the more we saw of it the more we thought that it had not a chance of healing up; neither of us had ever done an amputation before. I had never seen one, and Eastman had not seen one for about twenty years. . . . We held a consultation and decided to put the boy under chloroform. . . . Mr. Eastman proceeded to operate and the dressers helped him, and it soon became obvious that they were more used to their job than they made out. . . . It was extraordinarily nerve-racking work, and I would have given worlds to have seen it done before. However, it was too late then to cry over opportunities lost, so I kept on giving him a little more chloroform when it

seemed necessary and a little less when it seemed advisable. In the meanwhile, the other people got on with the job, at first Mr. Eastman did most of the cutting, but after a bit, the dressers got bolder and took more of it into their own hands. . . . Having got the arm finally stitched, we proceeded with a wound in his forehead three-quarters of an inch deep; but by this time I had stopped giving chloroform, as we considered that they would get the rest of the smaller jobs done before he came round, which they fortunately did. He was then taken off to an empty room in a house near-by. . . . We knew that we had made a very rough job of it, in fact at one time Eastman felt that the only thing to do was to keep the boy alive as best we could till the doctor came, as he was due to do in ten days' time, and then let him make a proper job of it. However, two days later the suppuration had all ceased, and by the time the doctor came the boy was quite obviously so well that the doctor did not even bother to untie the arm and have a look at it."

A Village Wedding

By R. G. BLISS, B.A.

IT was to be a wedding, and Mr. Hatch had been asked to conduct it, so we motored out the seventeen miles of hot and dusty road to the village settlement of forty or fifty Christian families which had once been a robber tribe of South India. It was the bridegroom who belonged to this village, and, since they happened to have no eligible young women themselves, they had gone out searching elsewhere, and had found a suitable bride in a village some miles away.

The chorus

We sat in the clean and pleasant little schoolroom-church, awaiting the bridal party. A dozen school-children were already there, seated on the floor, and singing us tripping Indian lyrics, under the direction of one of our party. At length we heard the strains of bridal music approaching and there entered in the bride and bridegroom, followed by the whole village, and a few from the bride's village as well. We sat at the far end of the hall, looking towards the doorway, and the bride and bridegroom, with best man and bridesmaid, advanced upon

us and took their seats facing us, in front of the people.

Bride and groom

The bride was spick and span in a brilliant scarlet sari, which suited her dark complexion admirably. On her arms were many chinking bangles of bright yellow and silver. Her hair was well oiled, and drawn back tight and smooth from the forehead, and on her ears were precious wedding ornaments of gold. She seemed a good deal more self-possessed than the bridegroom, who had forgotten to comb his hair, with the result that it was straying about in all directions. The village catechist resourcefully produced a large comb from his pocket and rapidly remedied this defect. Throughout this performance the bridegroom clutched with both hands his shiny-handled umbrella, the insignia of the important role he was playing. The bride's umbrella was held by the bridesmaid. Outside, the sun beat down from a cloudless sky.

The bride being a Christian and desiring baptism, the ceremony was conducted by Mr. Hatch with due solemnity.



The piper of the wedding band wrings ecstasies of joy out of his pipe.

The wedding service followed straight on, and now the bridegroom's turn for it came. He was quite the shy and embarrassed young man, and got somewhat tied up with his words, whilst the bride herself answered firmly and clearly. At length the crucial point in the ceremony, the tying of the "tali" by the bridegroom round the neck of the bride. This is an ornament in the form of a necklace, which takes the place of our wedding ring. This proved too much for the bridegroom, whose fingers suddenly became all thumbs. With a struggle he got the tali round his bride's neck, but, try as he would, he could not tie the knot till Mr. Hatch came to the rescue.

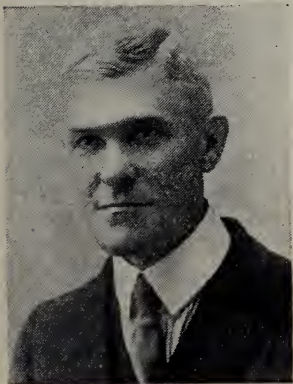
The band

The service being over, the band, which had been waiting outside, struck up once again. This band consisted of three players, one of whom performed on the drum, whilst the others blew upon long pipe-like instruments. The drummer beat out, with great skill, the strange and fascinating Indian rhythms, while one of the pipers supplied an unbroken drone, very similar to that of the bagpipes. The other piper bore the melody, and appeared to squeeze and wring out of his instrument ecstasies of joy or, as we say in these parts, "sandōsham" for the occasion.

At that we all marched out of the church and, headed by the band with the bridal pair behind them, we made our way to the bridegroom's house, where an awning of woven palm leaf had been previously set up outside. There we sat and sang a few well-known wedding lyrics, while betel leaf, the sign of hospitality, was offered all round, for those who wished to chew. Finally, after a suitable time had elapsed, we rose and bade farewell to the newly-wedded pair and the assembled company, and so, with much bowing over hands held up with palms together, we made our way to the car, and back, under the hot midday sun, to our homes in Salem.

Dr. Isaia E. Mitchell

ONE of the Society's missionaries has recently died a martyr's death in this country. Dr. Isaia E. Mitchell, a graduate of McGill University,



Montreal, and a Canadian born, offered himself to the Society in the year 1902, and, after studying tropical medicine in London, was appointed to the South China Mission for work in Hong Kong in 1904, and afterwards in Poklo. After the Soci-

ety's relinquishment of Poklo as a residential station Dr. Mitchell served in North China and Hankow, returning to Hong Kong in 1920, where he was in charge of the Society's hospitals until 1925. In that year he contracted a malignant disease while treating one of his patients and was obliged to retire from his much-loved work. He returned to England with Mrs. Mitchell, and for the past ten years has endured hopeless suffering, being cared for by his valiant wife. Such a life as his enshrines a story of devotion that should endure. He bore the Cross with Christ.

Always a quiet, almost a reserved man, Dr. Mitchell will be remembered by those who knew him as a man of selfless character and consecrated will whose supreme object in life was to glorify God and to serve his brethren.

NELSON BITTON.

The Advance of Paganism

THE threat of advancing paganism throughout the world was the subject of close attention at the Annual Conference of British Missionary Societies held in June. All Christendom, as well as the non-Christian world, is vitally touched by this peril, and its ravages are affecting profoundly the political and moral, as well as the spiritual, issues of life. In the face of this, as well as by the universal nature of the Gospel, no distinction can be maintained between the "home" and "foreign" service of our Christian faith. We are forced back again to the conditions of New Testament life, where the great terms of religion, sin and salvation, appear in a world setting and are as wide as humanity. We are fighting the cause of God and man on a world front. Once again we are discovering that religious issues can never be localised and that to become indifferent to the needs of other people, near or far, is to court disaster. The spirit of man does not stand still; either upward or downward it is for ever moving; an unconscious aggression marks the forces of paganism kept in check only by the constant advance of the Christian evangel. Mankind becomes the prey of degenerative influences, whether in Europe or Asia, just as and where the upward pull of the Spirit of God weakens or fails in effort.

* * * *

The challenge of all this is supremely missionary. It tells us once more that the struggle to bring all peoples into God's realm is vital. We conquer or we are conquered. No barriers can save us or our Churches. In Christian warfare entrenchments cannot suffice, only the constant outpouring of Spirit-directed service seeking for man's salvation everywhere. That is the stream that keeps from any people the back-rush of the tides of paganism. As we serve and give we are made spiritually secure. There is no other way. Had the work of Christian missions been well and truly done in the last century we should not now be lamenting this onrush of pagan powers. It is the lack of right Christian offensive that has driven the Church into an almost hopeless attitude of defensiveness. And mere defence can never save us. The situation is only retrieved by going forward.

Every soul that is brought into the active fellowship of Christian faith adds to the forces of reconstructive righteousness. The growth of the Christian Church in any land strengthens the whole work of the Kingdom. To strengthen our L.M.S. missionaries in their service of God is not a little thing, it is of infinite importance. Missionary success is one of the big elements in bringing the world into the way of God. There is no sure salvation in any other way. So we can link the apparently little things we do for our missionary service with the deep needs of our desperately stricken world. We can teach our children and young people that they are helping to make the world better as they give and collect for the Society. The missionary box may become a globe and the missionary box in the Christian home be made a link with God's Will for mankind. Every home may make that helpful link. Tens of thousands of such new channels of service are waiting to be made and a great act of spiritual education accomplished thereby.

* * * *

In many L.M.S. Auxiliary centres plans are now being discussed for the annual deputation visit of missionaries. These anniversary meetings, bringing together as they do representatives of neighbouring Churches, may become an occasion for Christian fellowship of a most useful kind. They provide a common and united programme where mutual help is not only possible, but essential if the best results are to be secured. Therefore in the making of plans the consideration of the common good of all the Churches should be remembered and mutual assistance encouraged. Especially in the case of the annual Public Meeting this should be emphasised, and the support of it not left to the one or two Churches supposed to be chiefly concerned. Both the Welcome Meeting and the Public Meeting should bring together the missionary-hearted people of all the Churches in the Auxiliary and an enthusiasm guaranteed that will help to carry on the whole work throughout the year. Please give close attention to detailed plans for making the Annual Missionary Meetings a great success.

N. B.

A Day they will Remember

By R. HAYDON LEWIS, of Kanye, Bechuanaland.

AN ideal day for a Sunday School treat, for the rain had fallen and the ground was kept cool by a gentle breeze, and clouds hung about in the sky veiling the face of the sun and so contributing to the enjoyment of the afternoon's outing for all who took part in it.

The children, as they ran from school at half-past twelve, wasted no time in getting home to wash and dress for the occasion, and by half-past one, six hundred of them had assembled at the school playground, in charge of their teachers, all ready for the word of command to march in double rank to the sports ground.

The line of marching children stretched from the Mission House to the far-off sports ground, nearly, if not quite, a mile distant, and it was a sight to see this many-coloured line extending right across the plain and gradually being transformed into one big gathering at the arrival end.

The sports began in earnest, continuing until 6 p.m. Running, jumping, carrying the bucket on the head, threading the needle,

the tug-o'-war and other sports were taken part in by both boys and girls.

The crowning item of the afternoon's entertainment came when the dip was announced, in which all were to take part. Two large tubs, one for the boys and the other for the girls, were filled with sawdust, and 600 presents were buried in their depths.

Each class was ranged up and brought to the tub by its teacher, and as each child departed from the tub a large bun was handed to her or him, with the result, in nearly every case, that the recipient went back to her and his place with an ear-to-ear grin upon the face.

The Chief's wife, Mrs. Bathoen, gave the prizes, and did so in a gentle and gracious way, characteristic of her.

The buns were made in the Mission House, and we had to thank Mrs. Lewis and her daughters for having made them, and also that there were enough of them. Only twenty-seven remained, and these were eaten by the teachers, who had done so well in helping to carry through the afternoon's programme with such success.



A memorable afternoon—Mr. Haydon Lewis and the youngsters at the Sunday School treat.

MRS. E. E. BRYANT.

On July 1st Mrs. Bryant, who, on account of ill-health, was returning to England, died on the *Rajputana* and was buried at sea. The news came too late to include in this number of *The Chronicle* an account of her life and service. This will be given in the September number.

The Outlook

Quetta

ALL our readers will share the sorrow which has come to our sister Societies the C.M.S. and the C.E.Z.M.S. through the earthquake at Quetta. In the July number of *The Mission Hospital* it is reported that the C.M.S. pharmacist, Miss Magill, and Miss Miller of the C.E.Z.M.S. lost their lives. Both the C.M.S. and the C.E.Z.M.S. hospitals were destroyed and all the Mission bungalows.

The B.B. in Rarotonga

The Boys' Brigade has lately enrolled a Company at Rarotonga called the 1st Avarua (Rarotonga) Company Boys' Brigade. This seems to be the pioneer company in the South Sea Islands. The Rev. R. L. Challis, the Captain, is an ex-member of a South Essex Company of the Boys' Brigade. This new company has a live membership of over eighty, with good attendance alike at Bible class and at parade, and along with Captain Challis it has four Maori officers.

The Boys' Brigade, with its combination of Bible study and healthy discipline and recreation, seems likely to prove just the right thing for boys in places like the Cook Islands, Africa, and parts of India. The leaders of the Movement in Britain are full of the missionary spirit, and the Executive has made a general offer of a grant of £5 under certain conditions in connection with the starting of new companies overseas. In addition, the companies connected with Congregational Churches are raising a considerable amount of money for the extension of the Neyyoor Hospital work in the northern part of Travancore at a station called Kundara. The Society has every reason to be grateful to the Boys' Brigade and to wish it increasing prosperity.

Another London Mission

The London City Mission and the London Missionary Society have often been confused in the minds of well-meaning but vague Chairmen. It is fitting that we should join with the other friends of our sister Society in the celebration of its centenary.

In 1835 a Scot named David Nasmith

came to London. Though he was only thirty-five years of age he had already begun City Missions in Glasgow, Dublin and New York. In London he gained the interest and sympathy of leading men in all Christian denominations; during the hundred years the work which he began of carrying the Gospel into the City has steadily grown. Our readers will be thankful to hear that last year the two hundred and seventy missionaries of the Society paid more than a million and a half visits to the homes of the people, and had one hundred and forty-five thousand on the roll of the sick and dying to whom they brought comfort. It is not, after all, so strange as it appears to confuse the London City Mission and our own Society. The work of evangelisation is the same in every city, and our Society, the fields of which are overseas, can rejoice in the story of that kindred Society which works in the City of London.

L.M.S. Swanwick Conference

At the time of going to press the Swanwick Conference is not quite full. If, therefore, you find that you can come, please write at once and see if your name can be entered. We want to have at least one representative from every Auxiliary.

For those who have already registered, will you notice that all particulars with regard to the Conference will reach you between August 2nd and 5th. There will be no railway vouchers this year as there are still cheap tickets available for a fare and a third for the return journey. If you do not receive your communication by August 6th, will you please let me know at once?

But there are other preparations that might well be made before coming to Swanwick. It is of very great help to read through the programme and try to imagine before you come what it is going to be about; read through the titles of the addresses and ask yourself what they mean; spend some time in prayer for yourself and for others who will come and for those who will speak. This is to be a time of real fellowship with one another and with God. Will you, therefore, come prepared to receive and to give?

JOYCE RUTHERFORD.

Swanwick, 1935

By LESLIE ARTINGSTALL, B.A.

SWANWICK is in full swing.

The scene is the Conference Hall. It is Monday morning, Janet Bryson has been speaking of the colour problem. She knows about it. She is head of the Girls' School at Tiger Kloof, and Tiger Kloof, General Smuts once said, was perhaps the very best educational institution for the black man in the whole of South Africa. It is helping to solve the colour problem in the only way it can be solved—by Christian education.

There is a seriousness about the assembly of 300 in the great hall at Swanwick, which

ministers, missionaries, students and young people are massing for the sports on the bank which overlooks the football-cum-cricket field.

The scene changes again. It is the evening of the same day, rather late; the sports are over, the ordinary meetings for the day are finished, there remains one of the most impressive things that the writer of these notes has ever attended. It is known as the Valedictory Service. All the members of the Conference assemble, and the newly appointed missionaries take their place on the right of the Chairman and the service of farewell and dedication takes place. There

are both dignity and eloquence at that service, but it is not the dignity nor the eloquence which is the most impressive part, but just the fact that here are fifteen or twenty young men and young women, who have given themselves utterly, body and soul, to the service of their Master. Like Abraham of old they go out not knowing whither they go, but very sure of the guiding presence of God. It must be thrilling beyond measure to be amongst those fifteen or twenty. It is thrilling enough for those who are older to have the privilege of being there, and everyone experiences a vivid sense of the presence of God.

This year is Africa year, and there is a very distinguished body of speakers. Janet Bryson has already been mentioned—Mabel Shaw is another, with all her genius for gripping an audience—Barnes of Central Africa is here, with his youthful enthusiasm enhanced by his first period of service, and a distinguished visitor in the person of Mr. Keigwin, who has been a director of Native Education in Southern Rhodesia and Sierra Leone.

Swanwick week for those who have been will always remain a great and glorious memory through their lives, and for those who have never been, we can only say, "they know not what they have missed." But why miss? Bookings may be made for next year's Conference—Swanwick will again be in full swing!



A group at the 1934 Swanwick Conference, with Mr. Basil Mathews.

fits the subject—is there any more deeply serious subject in the world than the manner in which the black man has been discriminated against in every sort of way, wherever he has lived, whether in England, in America or in Africa, because of his colour?—and a sort of hush pervades the assembly as this problem is unfolded by one who knows it at its heart, and whose concern it is to apply the only solution. Immediately following the address the whole Conference breaks up into groups to discuss it. Mighty problems are faced in the most serious fashion at Swanwick.

The scene changes. It is afternoon on Wednesday, the sun is shining, as it sometimes does at Swanwick—all have changed their garments and their faces. There is a general air of anticipation, and hordes of

A Place of Vision

Notes from the Union High School for Girls, Calcutta.

By ELEANOR RIVETT, M.A.

IN the days when many of us were at college the watchword of the Student Christian Movement was "The evangelisation of the world in this generation." And an inspiring watchword it was, given as John R. Mott gave it to us in terms of the unparalleled opportunity our generation had of taking the message of good news to every part of the earth. Recently there reached us, in the report on Education and Evangelism, this commentary on the missionary enterprise shared in by that student generation of ours: "Missions that have neglected education in the interests of widespread evangelism are finding devolution a difficulty through lack of leadership."

We believe to-day that education and evangelism are not contrasted methods. Both are needed for the full expression of the Good News. It is narrowed evangelism which limits this to a verbal proclamation, for the whole of the Gospel to be comprehended must be seen in action, wrought out in the stuff of life as example by the preacher and also in practice by those to whom the preacher is sent. Herein lies the great opportunity of the school, particularly of the residential school, where precept and practice can both play their part in the everyday life of teacher and taught.

The question is asked, "Can we give up our higher education?" (and for the purpose of this paper higher education means education given in schools above the middle grade). And the reply comes, "Since education for any Society is to the mind the normal means of vision this almost seems

like asking whether a man who must reduce his weight could do without his eyes." Such questions may be making the unfortunate contrast between secular teaching and religious teaching and imagine that what they would call secular teaching could well be left to Government or non-Christian agencies, forgetting that life cannot be so divided, and there is enormous loss if in school or college,

teaching, in method and content, has to be regarded as falling into two such categories. Our higher education is "an integral part of our whole evangelistic programme, and the organs of that intellectual and spiritual insight without which the Christian movement would have to grope its way."

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The Archbishop of York reminds us that the vital effect of education is not to be sought in pieces of correct information retained by the memory, but in the moral and intellectual capacity to face the demands of life. Therefore evangelism in its fullest sense and education at its richest go hand

in hand and are both essential because both are concerned with facing the demands of life. Whether we designate ourselves Christian evangelists or Christian educationists we are both commissioned by the Lord of all good life to bring recovery of sight, the opening of the eyes of the blind. To reiterate, our high schools are an integral part of our whole evangelistic programme, and the organs of that intellectual and spiritual insight without which the Christian movement would have to grope its way.

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A performer on the Vena.

Many of our school problems are problems of insight. To take some instances from everyday life. A school has been playing games to an extent never indulged in previously. Immediately study-classes are over in the morning there is an exodus towards the badminton courts or the net-ball lawn. The entire school emerges to play more games in the afternoons. Happy circumstances have led to this particular compound being the scene of a great many inter-school practice-matches and tournaments, in which Indian and European schools have participated. We have been delighted at the sporting way in which the girls have taken success or defeat and at the *esprit de corps* which never let down the school nor its visitors.

Health during this term has been phenomenal, and is probably due in great part to the outdoor life and exercise all have enjoyed. So far so good. But there's a wail from the matrons. The girls have become so keen to dash off to play that seniors have somewhat forgotten morning tasks to be done for small sisters and others to whom they are "school mothers." Other boarding-school duties have no longer their rightful place in the day's programme, but tend to be got through in the shortest possible time. A sense of balance is lacking. The problem is referred to the boarding-school *panchayat**. Yes, they admit there has been a loss of proportion. Games are excellent, but the balance must be restored. After several days the *panchayat* rediscovers that life is one whole, and to neglect one side and over-emphasise another does not make for harmony. They determine to find the way.

* * *

The Matriculation Examination in Elementary Hygiene is proceeding, and the candidates are writing screeds upon the ideal Bengal home. Just across the path outside the hall in a picturesque, flower-covered, open building, the girls of the new matriculation class, Christian and Hindu, are engaged in cooking a dinner which is to be shared in by the staff and the girls just

*A Committee generally of five members.



The path of progress.

about to leave school. The various parts of the preparations have been assigned for the meal itself, and the transformation of the school hall (used for examinations until tiffin time) into an attractive dining-room at one end and at the other into a beautiful sitting-room where they will later entertain their guests with music. At half-past four the net-ball teams of six or seven schools, Indian and European, are due to play and witness an exhibition game. The hostesses of the evening party must then be at leisure to receive these guests and supervise the preparations for their game and the dispensing of refreshments at the close. This they carry out with dignity and grace and with no lack of schoolgirl enthusiasm over the game and all that makes up the social occasion. Insight once more is essential—that insight for which the whole high school enterprise stands, sees life whole, sees the lessons of the class-room and the examination-hall expressed in meeting life's manifold claims, working out the theories of school into practical, gracious womanliness.

(To be concluded.)

THE READER'S GUIDE

New Tracts for the Times. (Reviewed by ARTHUR BIRNAGE, Editor of *Public Opinion*.)

"We should try to visualise, to conjure up before our minds a vivid picture of the heathen world. . . . When fellows who have actually been there and seen it at first hand and who also know us as friends . . . we should be up and doing; when these folk come to our town, handicapped from the start by the uninspiring appellation of 'Deputation,' to tell us all about it, we are apt to raise our eyebrows and click our tongues and, very polite, to reply, 'Really! How very interesting!' while what we are all the time thinking is, 'My hat, the L.M.S. again—for ever touting for money'."

The Rev. D. W. Langridge, M.A., in "Seeing, We Perceive Not."

* * * *

"I think that the most amazing fact of all about the Gospel we have to give to the world is not the fact of redemption, or even the upright Cross, but the fact that God invites the co-operation of men in the urgent task. God takes that risk."

The Rev. Cecil Northcott, M.A., in "What God is Doing About It."

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"The scientist publishes his discoveries to the world in book or in person. We Christians surely have the right to do the same . . ."

"But at his highest the trader, the merchant and the manufacturer is a public servant who has produced a good thing and is willing, on terms, to share it with all and sundry. The Christian missionary, the Christian preacher and the individual Christian have been entrusted with a good and a great thing and they have at least the trader's right to go and share it with anybody in the world . . ."

"The nerve of Foreign Missions is being cut, not on the mission field but in the mind of the modern man who has become so tolerant of everybody else's religion and so vague and inarticulate about his own. It is in 'Laburnum Grove,' Shooter's Green, and not on the market square of Jammalamadugu or Cheng Fu that the battle for modern missions is being lost."

The Rev. Howard Partington, B.A., in "What Right Have We To Go?"

"The fact is that man was never more truly master of the world than he is to-day, and never less master of himself. He can control everything except his own life; he can achieve anything except his own ideals. He suicidally turns against himself the very instruments of his conquest."

"Do we not see in this world-situation the picture of each one of us on a larger scale? Without God we are helpless, futile and impotent; we are our own worst enemies; we can save ourselves from many things, but not from ourselves, from our fears, our greed, our hatreds and our beastliness. And all the time the way of deliverance lies open to us."

Principal E. J. Price, M.A., B.D., in "Can a Man Save Himself?"

* * * *

ONE of my great joys as a journalist is that Fleet Street in these days no longer smiles at the literature of the Missionary movement. It must be confessed that until recent years there was some excuse for this amused derision, because our books and pamphlets, though accurate and efficient, were inclined to be on the dull side, and dullness in a case like ours is—and always was—inexcusable.

We are advancing, however, in this, as in other directions, and this improvement has been accomplished not by so-called "popular" methods but by recognition of the necessity for literature likely to appeal to our discriminating public, if we are to succeed in putting our case before them.

The latest set of "Tracts for the Times" proves the truth of this beyond cavil. These fourpenny booklets are produced with distinction, for they are not merely a triumph of the printers' art but are easy to read and cannot fail to appeal to the intelligence of the modern mind. They are written by essayists who are earnest exponents of the missionary movement and their zeal is revealed in the brilliant pleas they each make in their own domain.

L.M.S. workers, for example, will find that Mr. Langridge's "Seeing, We Perceive Not" will be just the booklet to give to the kindly member of the Church who is inclined to be bored by Missionary Sunday—and it should prove a certain cure and also a tonic for the enthusiast. Mr. Partington, on

the other hand, in downright forcible style, writes to those who vaguely assert that the peoples of the world should be left to their own devices—in other words, without the Gospel message. He, in fact, adequately answers the question, "What Right Have We To Go?"

Then again, the Rev. Cecil Northcott in "What God is Doing About It" refers to "the economic excuses, the shuffling of bad times, the hustling of committees," in his strenuous plea for co-operation in our great task, while Principal Price lifts the movement on to the highest spiritual plane, in earnest arresting sentences which should spur on those who falter in service and encourage the valiant to even more earnest endeavour.

The "tracts" should sell in their thousands. In the meantime, why not get your copy of each? It is a privilege to be allowed to urge you to do so.

("Tracts for the Times," each 4d. net, postage ½d.)

The Protectorates of South Africa.

By Marjorie Perham and Lionel Curtis.
(Oxford University Press. 6s. net, postage 4d.)

In this book the articles written by Miss Perham and Mr. Curtis from different points of view in *The Times* of July and September, 1934 and May, 1935, are rewritten and given to us in permanent form together with some new material including "The case for delay restated," by Miss Perham, the Schedule to the Act of Union, and the resolution passed by the Board of the L.M.S. in April, 1935.

Readers of *The Chronicle* will welcome this book which sets out both the case for the transfer of the Protectorates to the Union and the arguments which have always been strongly held in the L.M.S. for delay until the real consent of the people of the Protectorates has been won for the change.

Mr. Curtis argues that the three Protectorates of Bechuanaland, Basutoland and Swaziland are "embedded" in the Union of South Africa, on which they are economically dependent; that the record of the British protection is a record of stagnation and that therefore the clause in the South Africa Act which envisages the ultimate transfer of the Protectorates to the Union should be given effect to in the not very remote future, and that we should trust the younger people of the Union to

bring into being a more enlightened and progressive native policy which will meet with the growing approval of the people of the Protectorates.

Miss Perham, while appreciating the force of Mr. Curtis' argument, points out that the natives of the Protectorates voluntarily placed themselves under British protection, and it is not open to us to "transfer" the Protectorates as though they were our property to dispose of. The wishes of the people of the country should be our first consideration. They are sovereign peoples. Miss Perham agrees that the Protectorates have no future eventually outside the Union, but she pleads that first the Union Government must put its house in order and produce a native policy sufficiently modern and enlightened for the natives to desire of their own free will to come under it. Finally, Miss Perham argues that an independent Commission should visit the Protectorates, and suggests ways in which the admittedly inferior Civil Service in the Protectorates might be improved in co-operation with the Union.

This is a most valuable book because it sets out the whole argument on both sides of the case, and the reader is provided with the material with which to come to a wise judgment on one of the most important Imperial questions of the day.

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Yarns of African Youth. By A. M. Chirgwin. (Livingstone Press. 1s. net, postage 1d.)

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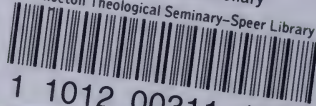
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